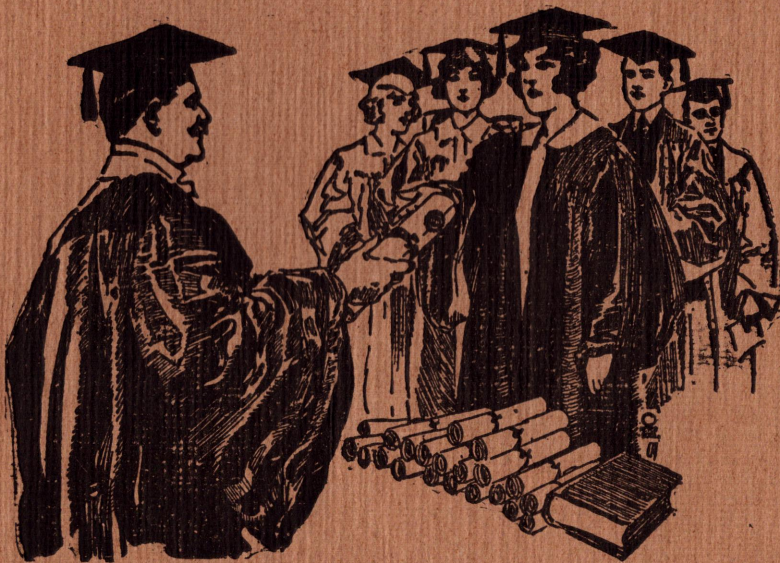


1922

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P. H. S. FACULTY

The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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EDITORIALS

To A Piece of Battle Flag

It is only a bit of stained and bullet torn cloth from the field of Chattanooga, yet it is with a feeling akin to awe that we touch it, for it is almost sacred. There is a piece of the blue field with one gold star upon it, there is a piece of a white stripe and a bit of the red. Of its story we know nothing. Who was the standard bearer who died beneath it; and, dying, lost his charge? Of what State were the men who followed it that day? Perhaps this banner lead across the field that day, a blue line that was swept into eternity by the Southern fire. Perhaps it was the standard of some far-flung Northern post that was crushed out beneath the Confederate advance, so that when the Federal lines swept forward once more it was overlooked in the battle's confusion. May we, who have inherited the fruits of that victory, live worthy of the men who for Union died that day. May we stand for the right as honestly and as bravely as those Southerners stood for the right as they saw it.

Currencies—A Good Example For Us

In connection with our proposed national law by which counties inclined to lynchings will be fined, it is interesting to note how the matter is handled in Palestine. In Jaffa a number of Jews were recently the victims of mob violence. British troops marched in and seized all cattle and moveable property. This, declares the High Commissioner of Palestine, will be sold at auction and the proceeds given to the surviving Jews if the people of Jaffa do not make full restitution. By this method it is hoped to compel the wealthy class, which is usually indifferent to massacres, to side with the Government and assist in preventing such outbreaks.

The Washington Conference

The Congress for the Limitation of Armaments has been successful. England and America are to be of equal power on the seas. Japan is to have a fleet 60% of the strength of ours. All ships that would become obsolete, in the next ten years or so, are to be scrapped at once. No new ships are to be built. This is not disarmament, it will not prevent war. It is good, but we must do more.

Exit President De Valera

The offer of Dominion government to Ireland brought about a split in the Sinn Fein party. Griffith and the others who have fought and suffered for Ireland, were in favor of accepting the offer. De Valera, and those who have helped Ireland from a safe place in America, demanded complete independence or a continuation of the civil war. Griffith and Reason won.

Trouble in India

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India is attracting attention towards Indian politics, and a very complicated and wonderful tangle is Indian politics. The Government of India is rapidly passing into the hands of the Indo-Europeans and the Hindos, and India will soon have complete Home Rule. The governing class is not willing to permit the ignorant mob to take part in politics, and as a result the mob is threatening rebellion. There is also a powerful party that is seeking to get the people the vote by peaceful means. The Mohamitans form a fourth and most dangerous element. They are anti-European and anti-Hindo. They are willing to join any movement that will further their religion, and they are responsible for most of the bloodshed and disorder in India.—*C. K. Shipton.*

Through the Mill

I The Raw Material

Who has not stood in the corridors on the opening day of school, and watched, with unconcealed enjoyment, the sorry plight of the verdant Freshmen, rushing hither and thither in a mad search for rooms? It happens twice a year, with just as much certainty and dire consequences as final examinations. It is an event which excites fun—and philosophy.

Freshmen are but raw material, literally dumped into high school. Every year their stature is less; their mental stature, still less. One wonders if they will ever grow up; and exclaims, in Cooperian style: "Woe to the Pittsfield High School! In the morning of my life, I saw it happy and flourishing, a noble institution of learning; but before nightfall, it is become a veritable nursery!"

But wait.

II The Metamorphosis

There comes into every Freshman's life a realization that he is but a Freshman. Sometimes one terrible vent of righteous, pedagogic wrath suffices; or perhaps in one mighty swoop of the Powers-that-be, he realizes that it is his to be subordinated, not to subordinate. He is moulded into shape by the Machine, like a lifeless piece of iron or steel? No. This Machine moulds something far greater than inanimate metal. It shapes and changes human destinies.

And what is this wondrous machine,—a combination of motors and cog-wheels? No; it is a combination of human motors and human cog-wheels,—the teachers. They labor day after day with seemingly tireless energy, for human destinies must be shaped and wrought well. It means years of work until, at last, is turned out—

III The Finished Product

You have sat in the auditorium at graduation and listened, spellbound, to the various orators. Your imagination cannot visualize them as the lilliputian freshmen you scoffed at four years ago. They have become young men and young women, fitted to grapple with the problems of life. Some go on to a greater Machine, the college, to be better rounded into shape. Others take their places as cog-wheels in Life's Machine; and they do their work well.

The Raw Material comes: the Finished Product, young men and young women, may go; but the faithful Machine waits. *E. Hickey.*

Conservation of Our Forests

Connoisseurs will spend thousands of dollars for a rare Egyptian vase in which Cleopatra's grandson-by-marriage kept the family jewels; they will excavate miles of territory to find a few useless antiques. Yet they, and thousands of others, are totally oblivious of some of the grandest antiques in the world,—trees.

The museums are full of Revolutionary relics yet some trees have seen history, a great deal farther back than the 18th century. But who cares? or appreciates? Only a few of the hundred millions in this country. And, doubtless, no one will care, until the United States is stripped of trees; then they will implore the Deity to give them back those priceless assets, but too late.

A few sentimental persons raise their voices in protest of the destruction of the aged Redwoods in California, calling it a shame to fell such noble specimens of grandeur,—which is perfectly right; but there is a greater destruction taking place at this very moment in practically every state in the Union. Besides robbing Nature of one of her grandest works, it is robbing the average American of a necessary product, and he permits it to continue, unnoticed.

What does this destruction of the forests mean? It means a loss not only of our lumber supply, but of fuel, and paper pulp; and our water supply is dependent on the forests. This destruction not only destroys existing trees, but it prevents others from growing. Here is a good example: Lumbermen do not destroy the tree-tops and branches which are left on the ground after the cutting of a forest. If this refuse were burned, another forest would grow up, but when it is left strewn on the ground a few useless cottonwoods spring up.

One naturally asks, what is the remedy? The Germans have found it: a strict law, rigidly enforced, requiring whoever cuts a tree to plant two in its place. Thus Germany's lumber supply is assured.

The government is beginning to realize the alarming situation, and will doubtless, take steps at once to preserve those valuable possessions,—the forests.

E. Hickey.

Birch Tree

Oh beautiful maiden birch, how graceful and slender you are,
 Standing among your masculine friends.
 Your delicate branches droop like the tresses of a carefree girl.
 When one cuts your snow white bark,
 He is putting a wound in your heart.

C. J. Baker.



The Disarmament Conference

On November twelfth, 1921 the delegates to the Arms Conference assembled at Washington, D. C. There were representatives from nearly every country in the world including Great Britain, France, Japan, China, Holland, and the Netherlands. The delegates were all very famous men but none of them could surpass our eminent Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes.

The first meeting, held in the Pan American building, was opened with a prayer by Rev. W. S. Abernathy, pastor of one of the churches in Washington. Immediately after the prayer, Hughes greatly surprised the delegates with his unexpected proposal. It was his plan to have a ten year naval holiday, that is, not to build any ships for a period of ten years, and to scrap all vessels over a certain age.

By this plan there would be destroyed immediately by the navies of United States, Great Britain, and Japan, sixty-six capital fighting ships. As soon as this tremendous scrapping had taken place, the navies of these powers would consist of thirty, nineteen, and seventeen ships respectively. As to replacement, the United States would be limited to a maximum tonnage of 500,000 tons, Great Britain to 500,000 tons and Japan to 300,000 tons.

In order that the conference might function more easily two committees were formed, one on the Far Eastern question, composed of delegates from all countries, and one on the Armament question consisting of the delegates of the "Big Five" namely, United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

After several weeks of deliberation on the Armament question it was finally decided to accept the Hughes plan with a few modifications. Japan was given permission to keep the Mutsee instead of the Settsee, an older ship. In order to balance this United States was to keep the Colorado and the Washington, now in construction, instead of two older ships, and Great Britain was to be allowed to build two new superdreadnoughts, provided that she scrap four of her older ships.

Another question that caused much discussion in the Conference was that of Submarines. Mr. Hughes proposed that the maximum tonnage for submarines be limited to 60,000 tons each for United States and Great Britain, 31,500 tons each for France and Japan and 21,500 tons for Italy. France immediately objected, saying that she should have at least 90,000 tons. It soon became evident that no ratio could be determined for the submarines and an agreement seemed hopeless until Elihu Root offered a proposal of rules, governing the use of submarines in war.

There are two important measures in the proposal. The first provides that merchant ships must not be attacked until the passengers and crew are in safety, unless the ship should refuse to stop when ordered. The second rule says that any officer who violates the first rule shall be considered guilty of piracy and punished accordingly.

Mr. Root displayed much intelligence in framing such proposals for it can be readily seen that it is almost impossible to attack a merchant vessel without breaking the first rule. These rules, with very slight changes, were accepted by the five powers without much hesitancy. It was also agreed, without much discussion, to refrain from the use of poisonous gases in future wars.

At present there are but two questions, concerning armament that have not been discussed. The first is the limitation of aircraft, and the second, which has already been mentioned in the Conference, is the question of land armaments.

The committee on Far Eastern relations has made no definite decisions although several discussions have arisen over this question. On the seventeenth of November, Minister Sze, China's representative, gave a detailed statement on this question submitting ten proposals for discussion. The most important of these were that China be given complete territorial integrity, that the "Open Door" policy be recognized in China, that she be allowed to control her own customs and railroads, and that all foreign troops be removed from China.

By complete territorial integrity is meant that China be given the right to all land within her territory. This would include Shantung, which was given to Japan by the Versailles Treaty. The provinces of Mongolia and Mouchuria, considered by China as inseparable, are practically controlled by Japan. It can be easily recognized that by controlling these lands in China, Japan has a very great military advantage on China's territory.

By the "Open Door" policy, the citizens of all countries would have an equal right to commerce and trade in China.

The "territorial integrity" clause, especially where Shantung is concerned, has caused much discussion in the Conference. Japan affirms that she is willing to return Shantung to China provided that the former may still control one half the railroads within this territory. China demands that the entire railroad system be turned over to her, even though she must pay for it. China wanted to raise the money from her own people but Japan was determined that she should lend the money, thus in reality retaining control of the railroads. The question is still being discussed, and the outcome is rather uncertain.

A partial decision has been made recently concerning China's custom demands. The original request, which was not granted, was that China's tariff rate be raised from five and one-half per cent. to twelve and one-half per cent. It was finally decided, however, that, although the original request was unreasonable, China be allowed to value goods at the present high prices and not at the former low ones. This will cause a slight increase in China's revenue.

Just what the outcome of the Far Eastern Question will be cannot be said although it is quite probable that China, on account of her weakness, will not be given all that she wishes.

The latest accomplishment of much importance in the Conference, is the drawing up and signing of a Four Power Treaty by United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan. The treaty will not become effective until it is ratified according to the laws of the countries concerned. In this country, the treaty must be ratified by the Senate and, according to the opinions of several senators, this will be no easy matter.

The main purpose of the treaty is to maintain peace with the Pacific Islands (including Japan) and to settle by arbitration all disputes in which any of the Four Powers may be involved.

These are the most important developments of the Disarmament Conference which has been in session now a little over two months. If as much headway is gained at future sessions as has been made in past sessions, perhaps this old world won't be such a bad place after all.

Helen Rohan, '22.

The Marvels of Modern Chemistry

You may not believe it, but practically everything you wear, eat, taste, smell, see, play with, and work with has in some way resulted from the ingenuity of chemists. The story of chemistry is like an endless chain—it might begin anywhere and need never end.

Perhaps you were just looking out of the window. Glass is a chemical product, made of soda, lime, sand, and potash. A mixture of these substances is melted down to a bright red heat. A large molten ball of it is then gathered on the end of a blowpipe. Air is forced through the pipe, the ball becomes a bulb, the bulb in turn becomes a cylinder. At the right temperature, determined by expert glass blowers, the long cylinder is laid out on a table and slit. The cylinder flattens out, and we have our window glass.

Perhaps you work at a steel desk. This desk was made with steel tools, and these tools, in turn, were made with tools capable of cutting steel.

Formerly this process of steel-cutting was very slow and costly. The steel tool used by lathe workers in cutting out other tools would get red-hot and lose its "temper," or degree of hardness. Then the worker would lose his temper, too! For he had to stop, resharpen his tools, and waste much valuable time. Chemists found that by adding certain rare metals such as molybdenum and tungsten to the iron that makes ordinary steel, a remarkable degree of hardness could be obtained. Such steels containing tungsten and molybdenum are known as "self-hardening" steels; tools made of them retain a fine cutting edge without being tempered.

Manganese, chromium, vanadium, and nickel steels are used for safes, armor-plates, and parts of machinery subject to great stress or vibration, as shafts and automobile bearings. Deposits of iron ore which had been regarded as too refractory to work have been made valuable by the demand for these special steels.

The story of celluloid is a very fascinating one. In 1813, a boy named John Hyatt was working as a printer in Albany, New York. He saw an advertisement

offering ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) reward for a substitute for ivory billiard balls, and he began to experiment, with the hope of getting the reward.

One day, when Hyatt's fingers were raw from handling type, he went to a cupboard to get some collodion to heal his hurts. Collodion is an antiseptic which, when applied to a wound, forms a skin-like covering, and protects the wound from infection. The bottle which Hyatt was using tipped over and the contents ran out and solidified. When he pulled away a little from the shelf, he was struck by the fact that it was tough and elastic and that gave him an idea. He began experiments, trying to make billiard balls out of collodion.

Then he heard that some English chemists had been trying to make camphor and collodion combine to form a solid. They had failed because they had attempted to get these two substances to unite by adding various other substances to them. But Hyatt simply put a mixture of collodion and camphor into a hot press, and out came a semi-transparent substance which he called celluloid. It was hard, light, tough, and it was eventually found that it could be dyed, polished, heated, moulded, pressed, stamped, and blown into various shapes.

Today, the uses of celluloid are numberless. Innumerable things are made of it—cards, card-cases, cuff and collar buttons, cups, chessmen, knobs, piano keys, frames, penholders, campaign buttons, hairpins, paper cutters, and toy animals. Young Hyatt's accident with collodion has proved to be the basis of industries worth twenty million dollars a year.

The paper on which I am writing this theme is wood cellulose. That these words may be written on paper, great trees are cut down. The wood is then cut into chips by machines, and the chips digested in great cylindrical vessels.

The threads of cellulose can be spun to make fabrics. Casings for sausages, gas mantels, and wrappings for candy, paper napkins, and towels, and other articles are made of it. Though it may seem incredible to us, a chemist can take these sheets of paper into his laboratory, convert them into sugars, and then, by fermentation, into alcohol. Out of this same alcohol, he can make the most dreaded of all war gases, the terrible "mustard gas."

To the average man "alcohol" means primarily the essential ingredient of certain beverages. Everybody knows, of course, that this substance serves a number of uses in the arts and industries, but few people realize either the extent or diversity of these uses.

Alcohol as a solvent for dyes and confectioners' colors is of great importance. If it were not for the solvent properties of alcohol we would not have such commodities as perfumes, toilet waters, liquid soaps, liniments, flavoring extracts, etc.

Alcohol is used as a raw material in the manufacture of ether, mercury fulminate, chloroform, and many other drugs and chemicals.

Alcohol is used in large quantities in the preparation of photographic prints. It is used as a precipitating agent in a number of chemical processes. It enters the manufacture of inks, shellacs, disinfectants, etching solutions, and soldering fluxes.

A British Government report reveals the use of alcohol in the making of electric lamp filaments, linoleum, felt, fireworks, matches, steel pens, artificial silk, rubber, printing, dyeing and cleaning operations in laundries, and various other industries.

The leading chemists of the United States predict that within a few years alcohol, or fuels with an alcohol base, will entirely replace gasoline as a fuel for motor cars, because of the rapidly increasing importance of alcohol in various industrial applications.

Few people know what chemists have done to make the corn-products industry one of the most important in the United States. Is there anything around that looks as if it might be made of corn? Perhaps, if there is, you don't recognize it. But if you are wearing summer shoes with a rubber like substitute for real rubber or leather soles, you are walking on a product that is thirty per cent corn. The red rubber eraser tip on your pencil may be a sort of gum obtained from corn. The red rubber sponge in your bathroom may be made of corn. The mucilage on the flaps of envelopes and on the backs of stamps is obtained from corn.

Years ago the wearing of purple indicated royal birth, for the purple dye was so costly that none but those "born to the purple" could own it.

The original Tyrian or imperial purple of ancient times was secreted by a small snail found on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. Behind the head of this snail is a small sack which contains a single drop of a whitish liquid, which when exposed to air and sunlight becomes first green, then blue, then purple. To get an ounce of the dye, the ancients had to extract the liquid from the sacks of at least twelve thousand snails. That is why it cost so much to wear "the purple."

Modern chemists have learned the chemical constituents of the molecules of this purple dye, and now we can make it in any quantity desired by combining certain chemicals in the proper proportion. We get the necessary chemicals from coal, and from our brine wells in Michigan. That is why today we consider anything dyed with purple the symbol of the most marvelous development in our chemical industries.

Coal, without an exception, is the most wonderful substance on earth. From it we obtain a great variety of dyes, chemicals, drugs, poisons, and explosives. By distilling coal in huge iron retorts, we obtain four primary products: gas for light, heat, and power, ammonia, coal tar, and coke.

From the coal tar we can extract a dozen products, and, from these, build up hundreds of thousands of new substances. Some of these are carbolic acid; phenocetine, an important drug; sulphur black, the best black dye known; picric acid, an explosive, as well as a strong yellow dye; salicylic acid, a powerful drug; nitro-glycerine and dynamite, both powerful explosives; and chloroform, iodoform, and methylchloride, important chemicals used as anaesthetics. In short, it is from coal that we obtain the worst smells, the loveliest perfumes, the most fatal poisons, the most beneficent drugs, the finest flavors, the most powerful explosives, and the most resplendent dyes.

Thus, we might go on indefinitely, for the story of chemistry is like an unfinished chapter. New discoveries daily add to the lure of chemical research, and optimistic chemists now have every reason to believe the old saying, "nothing is impossible." Perhaps the dreams of the alchemists will come true, the philosopher's stone be made, or the transmutation of elements be realized.

Carl S. Uhrig, '22.

History of the Class of February, 1922

It was indeed a chill wind that "blew in" the members of that glorious Class of February, 1922; and as Freshmen we felt that selfsame wind very keenly, as it howled mournfully outside of Rooms 17 and 19, and, successful in its search for chinks and apertures through which to wend its way, caused their huddled inmates to turn up their coat collars, insert their hands in their pockets, and earnestly hope for a rise in the mercury.

Like spirits, departed from a world of mortals, we entered the portals of a huge edifice of yellow granite and brick, in February of the year 1918 A. D. As we entered, we beheld other phantoms sad and careworn like ourselves, flitting silently through the sepulchral corridors. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the throng of ghosts, a voice like the rumbling of distant thunder was borne to each and every ear, and a huge hand was seen to beckon in the direction of a vast amphitheatre, whither all present directed their steps. For a few seconds all that could be heard was the confused babel of voices. Presently, however, were heard the clatter of hoofs mingled with hoarse commands, and the sounds of weeping and sobbing, and piercing shrieks, and above all the mighty reverberation of trampling footsteps. A great tumult arose to the heavens and the sound of wailing and lamentation was borne on the wings of the wind! Then silence—. A huge figure is seen to rise, and with a waving gesture, like unto the flapping of a cornfield scarecrow, to implore those present to be seated. This done, he begins to utter unintelligible sounds which issue from his mouth with undescribable rapidity, and with a sound like that of a tumbling cataract. The listening throng is appalled. They can offer no resistance to such a verbal invasion. For half an hour they listen, astounded, amazed, hypnotized. The speaker has ceased and has issued a few orders. A group of attendants appear, bearing ledgers and other ponderous volumes. They demand much information from the throng of listeners. Finally, everything done, this group of ghosts is instructed to seek out certain doors on which they will find numerals corresponding to those on the various cards and pamphlets which they are carrying. An hour more of puzzling mazes, labyrinths, winding stair-cases, secret panels, duplicate doors, and the majority have reached their destination, and have begun their high school education, destined to last for four long years.

Who are these ghosts just referred to, you will ask. The answer is simple—the Class of Feb. 1922, but in this respect, that of being bewildered like so many others entering P. H. S. for the first time, we are no different from any previous class that has left these portals of learning. We look back upon those early days, with a smile at our childish innocence and ask ourselves "are we that same class that is now to graduate?" What a difference four years has made!

How we passed those first few months of ordeal as 'Freshies' is a mystery. Deprived of parental tutelage and friendly advice, we wandered about unconsciously bearing such signs as "Kick me, please," "Perishable," "Fragile," "Rush," "Handle with Care," "There's a reason," "This way up," "Three for a Nickel," pointed at with the accusing fingers of injustice, as "mutes," "infants," "imbeciles," "insects," "parasites" and "fleas," swept violently aside at every

step, like logs in the fury of a torrent, jostled, pushed, pulled, shoved, trampled, thrown down, shaken, hurled, almost pulverized, used as human floor-mops, door mats, pen wipers, dummies for football tackling, barricades, lookout-towers, targets, missiles, projectiles, billboards and what not. Human misery such as ours was never seen. But the worst of all was, that our suffering went unnoticed, unheeded, fatally disregarded. Sympathy was never displayed. A dignified Senior, after pointing mocking at one of us, delivered a few parting kicks for "memory's sake," and occasionally promised protection in the future from Juniors. We never saw such protection, however, and soon felt that every Senior had a handbook of coined phrases to suit such sentiments as sympathy, wrath, generosity (very rare), pity, and disregard, whenever he met a Freshie in trouble, sorrow, want, or any other adversity. Of those first two years of trial and suffering we can say nothing more, nor can we even boast of having accomplished anything. We were as if committed to penal servitude for life.

Then suddenly a new light broke upon us. We were Juniors. At last we had come into our own, and from henceforth we were to be dictators, monarchs supreme, we were to be the rulers of the tiny Frosh and hold sway over the wily Soph. After two years of violent struggle with internal and external forces we were beginning a new era.

Our first step as Junior B's was to organize into a compact body for several reasons. In the next two years we expected to do much and omit little, and we needed cooperation to accomplish what we were anticipating.

Accordingly on Thursday, Feb. 12, 1920, (according to records) the Junior B Class came into existence. At this first class meeting, to which about 30 pupils from both the Central and Commercial buildings responded, the following officers were elected: President, Alexander Milne; Vice-President, Anglina Le Rose; treasurer, Helen Rohan; secretary, Carl Uhrig. At this meeting no other business was transacted but it was decided to hold a meeting the following Thursday to discuss class matters of importance such as class tax, various committees, etc.

On Thursday, Feb. 19, 1920, the second meeting of the Junior B Class was held in the auditorium. A class tax of twenty-five cents per month was decided upon, to be paid in advance. A charge of one cent a day additional was to be paid for each day the tax was overdue. A bill was introduced providing for the expulsion from the class of any member who had failed to pay class tax for three consecutive months, to be reinstated only after the three months tax, plus the surtax of one cent each day additional, was paid to the treasurer. This bill was carried by a vote of 13 to 11. At this meeting, it was voted to have an assistant treasurer in the Commercial Building to assist Miss Rohan, who foresaw a coming harvest. To fill this office Miss Martha Hunt of the Commercial Building was selected. A sleighride committee composed of Mr. Milne, Miss LeRose and Mr. Uhrig was formed but plans for a sleighride failed to materialize and to the date of this writing the class has had no sleighride, owing to small members and possibly lack of outside interest.

Our first and only venture as Junior B's was to hold a cake and candy sale. Through the generosity of the school, we obtained the use of the lunch room in

the basement and held the sale during recess, March 23. Our profits amounted to about \$17.00.

Of our remaining months as Junior B's little can be said. At the end of June, the Junior B treasury contained somewhere around \$45.00. The class contained seventy-two members, including Commercial pupils.

As Junior A's we were a decided "Success." We had the spirit and pep and enthusiasm of a class that meant to do something and did it. Although the Commercial School had voted to remain independent of the Central School and had reduced our class to about forty-five pupils, we felt quite capable of running a "record-breaking" Junior Prom and we did that very thing.

On Friday, December 29, 1920 "The Junior Prom" took place at the Masonic Temple. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Goodwin and Miss Majory Day, newly elected Junior A class adviser, were the guests of honor and chaperons. The Shire City Orchestra of ten pieces furnished music from eight until twelve o'clock. Persip catered. A most enjoyable evening was spent by everyone who attended and we were more than pleased with the results. After expenses had been paid we had a balance of \$49.50. From Jan. 1, 1921 until June 27, of the same year, we did one notable thing—increased our class treasury from \$45.00 to \$165.00. If this were our only achievement, we would be more than satisfied. In the way of class activities, however, we must again play dumb.

As Senior B's we started off with a bang, and held about six class meetings in one week. Activities, too numerous for this little pamphlet, which I am laboring over, took place in rapid succession, too rapid perhaps for Mr. Hulsman and the various members of the School Committee, who felt it their duty to put a ban upon certain specified activities. But since "where there's a will, there's a way," methods were found for getting around all sorts of Blue Laws, regulations and vetoes, and here we are today with no representatives in the penitentiaries, jails or asylums.

It was our solemn duty to march in with the out-going Senior A Class in June, and we conducted ourselves in so gentlemanly and ladylike a fashion as to win the respect of many of Pittsfield's citizens. Accordingly, we expect to see many welcome and friendly looks cast our way when we ascend the platform in June to make our last appearance in P. H. S.

June, 1921, found the Senior B Class firmly established financially, and in regard to friends: merchants were eager to do business with such a class as ours, because we paid our bills on time and gave no occasion for misunderstanding. Our treasury contained upwards of \$170.00 and prospects of more in view.

In September we returned to P. H. S. as full-fledged Senior A's ready for almost anything in the way of school activities. An election of officers resulted as follows: President, Alex. Milne; vice-president, Edwin Osteyee; treasurer, Helen Rohan; secretary, Carl Uhrig.

On Friday, October 28, the members of the Senior A Class were the guests of Miss Rose Fallon, at a Hallowe'en party, given at her Onota Lake Cottage. We had a most enjoyable time dancing, singing (?), eating, etc. A marshmallow



CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1922

toasting affair, over which "Pat" Leahy presided, was the feature of the party. Wilbur's Jazz Orchestra, furnished music for the "light fantastic" act, while Frank Correale, of bakery fame, furnished ten dozen "sinkers," which disappeared almost as soon as they were displayed. "Carp" Waldron proved an able entertainer with his ready wit and humor, while much talent was displayed by our worthy president, Alex Milne, in the way of clog dancing. Edna May, in the role of vamp had several of the young gentlemen hypnotized from the start. Miss Day proved an efficient pianist but her only fault is that she does not know how to ruin a piano like most pianists. The party broke up on Saturday, October 29.

"The Great Event" of the year was the Senior play, which was held Friday, December 16. Both afternoon and evening performances were given. Our choice of a play was "The Taming of the Shrew," a four-act comedy by Shakespeare in which there were many humorous scenes and puzzling situations.

Quaint Shakespearian costumes added to the novelty of the play which was received by large audiences at both afternoon and evening performances. Great praise is due Miss Madeline Pfeiffer of the faculty for the masterly way in which she coached the play. The character of the drama called for much originality, thus making the coaching doubly difficult, and we have reason to believe that no one could have done as well as Miss Pfeiffer. In token of their appreciation, the Senior A Class presented Miss Pfeiffer with a purse of gold for her willing services in their behalf. The Class wishes to take this opportunity to thank those firms who advertised in the Play Programme and thereby helped to make the play a success. The profits realized on the play were about fifty dollars, which is a remarkable showing, considering the time at which it was held.

During the month of January, 1922, seven Senior A Class meetings were held, and at each, important business was transacted. The Banquet was discussed and a committee formed. The Class Picture, Picture of the Play Cast, Picture of the Pro Merito members and individual pictures have been taken. The Senior A Class has taken over the February Issue of the Student's Pen, at the suggestion of Mr. Hayes. This issue will be known as the Commencement Number. In it will be contained the Class Prophecy, Will and Testament, History, articles on the Senior Play, Junior Prom, Athletics, etc., besides other contributions from the graduating class. The Pens, as usual, will be distributed to the students free of charge.

Carl Uhrig.

The Senior Play

On Friday, the sixteenth of December, the Senior A Class presented the David Garrick version of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. This was the first time that a Shakespearian play was presented, in Pittsfield High School, and the cast deserves to be commended on the results achieved.

The play opens with Baptista, the father of the Shrew, talking with Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona. It is agreed between them that Petruchio shall marry Kate, the Shrew, and tame her, if he possibly can.



CAST OF THE SENIOR PLAY

Soon after the wedding ceremony, Petruchio asserts his superiority by forcing his bride to leave her father's house immediately and to repair to that of her husband.

Once in his own home, the newly wed begins to tame the Shrew. A very humorous part comes in the third act when Petruchio sends his bride to bed without her supper, asserting that the food is burned and would be injurious to the health of both.

Another passage that caused much laughter is the one in which a tailor comes to deliver a gown. Again Petruchio refuses to yield to his wife and orders the tailor to take back the dress.

After several similar instances, Katherine is finally convinced that Petruchio is her master and realizes,

How simple 'tis when women are so foolish
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
To seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
Where bound to love, to honor, and obey.

From the moment that the curtain rose it was evident that each player was well suited for his part. Miss Marion O'Malley in the part of Katherine, the Shrew, captivated the audience with her clever impersonation. Francis Wilbur deserves to be commended for his very effective interpretation of Petruchio, the gruff and unpolished husband to Katherine.

Winthrop Colton was very clever in the part of Baptista, father to the Shrew and the parts of servants to Baptista were well portrayed by James Morrissey and John Waldron.

James Hart took the part of both the musician and the tailor. These parts were assigned to Carl Uhrig who, on account of illness, was unable to fill them, and Jim Harte took them on a very short notice, thus saving the day.

Grumio, chief servant to Petruchio, was taken admirably by John ("Pat") Leahy who kept the audience in gales of laughter.

Miss Le Rose was very convincing as Bianca, gentler sister to the Shrew and the part of her husband, meek Hortensio, was taken well by Edwin Osteyee.

Miss Lorraine Krogman was delightful as Curtis, a servant to Petruchio as were also John Waldron and Frank Correale in the same capacity. In the wedding scene there were several guests whom we know as Miss Anna Lynch, Miss Helen Vogel, Frank Correale and Walter Durant.

Other persons who worked "behind the scenes" were Jessie De Voe and Desdemona Boudreau who acted as prompters, Loretta Dansereau who skillfully made up the players, Alex Milne and "Johnnie" Foote, stage managers and "Wimp" Colton property manager.

To Miss Pfeiffer, our worthy coach, we are very much indebted. It is our sincere wish that in coaching future plays, she may have as much success as she had with "The Taming of the Shrew."

H. M. R., '22.

Class Prophecy

Were you ever in a state of Coma? It's a great place to be. I was there once and ought to know. While in that condition it is not at all uncommon to be able to look twenty or thirty years into the future, and it is a most unique experience—I think I'll have to tell you the whole story.

Now it came to pass that an ungrateful and deceitful neighbor, while under the influence of some evil passion, recommended me to an insurance agent (maybe you've had it happen to yourself). The insurance agent breezed into my happy home, one evening, when my rheumatism was bothering me something terrible, and, being rather an enterprising chap, he came to the point at once. Here was I, a poor man with a family to support, taking a chance on their future happiness every day, with the conditions of the world as they are—thousands of cases of murder, whooping cough and the rest—no man could honestly be without this beneficent policy. Then he made a brilliant conclusion, unsheathed a cigar, handed it to me with the words "Think it over," and made his exit. I regarded the cigar, nice gold label, Meditation. Eh, well I felt like meditating. I stuck the perfecto in my mouth and lit up and—well, that's how I arrived at the state of Coma—twenty years ahead of the rest of the world. According to the thoughts running through my smoke clogged brain, I had just returned from many years abroad and had just alighted on West Street.

"It's a long time since I've been in Pittsfield, I wonder how the gang is getting along." With these words I looked at my poor dilapidated shoes. "Guess I'll get a shine. Ah here's one right across the street—big sign out, 'French Shoe shining Parlor.' Wonder how you say 'Gimme a shine' in French." I went in. There's a little short fellow over there with his back toward me. "Hey, there, young man get to work. Well, if it isn't old Joe Donnelly! Why you haven't grown an inch." Joe motioned me to a seat and began to work. "So you're in business eh?" Joe points proudly to the sign 'French Shoe Shining Parlor.' "What right have you got to claim that you're a French shoe dresser?" said I, looking at Joe's visage. Joe was working like a Trojan but he stopped, offended like. "Hah," piped he, "Didn't I take three years of French back at old P. H. S.?" This phrase moved me to mirth so forcibly that I made for the open air dropping a dime on the way.

"Hey there, you careless loafer, how dare you hit me with a ladder? Well, hello, Ensign old boy," for it was none other than good old E. P. Foote—and your side partner, Wilbur too. So you're also in business. Wall papering, eh? Where are you going?" "Oh we're going down to the 'Old Ladies' Home. Miss Day's living there now. She didn't like the scenery they furnish!" I gasped. Up speaks Wilbur, 'Lamp the color she picked out.' I gasped again, for it was the best barber pole design it has ever been my fortune to see. 'Well, I'm a busy man,' said the pair in chorus, and up the street they rushed. I walked up after them doing considerable thinking and when I arrived at the Old National Bank at the corner of West and North along came my old friend, "Carp" Uhrig. We exchanged greetings. 'Where are you going "Carp" old boy?' 'Oh, I'm going

up to see Le Rose and Rohan,' and that's all he said. We walked up North Street a short distance when I saw Charley Germano coming along with a big sign on his back. On it in big glowing letters was—"Come Dance with Correale—Pay as you dance." I stopped Charley and after much questioning I gleaned that Correale had forsaken the bakery, for the lure of the ball-room was too great. He had opened up a dancing studio in Municipal Hall and was doing a rushing business. Being an ex-baker Correale was a master of the cake-walk and had invented a new dance called, "The Parkerhouse Roll." 'No wonder the morals of the world are so low,' said I as we walked on. When we arrived opposite Fenn Street "Carp" crossed the street, continued up Fenn and turned into one of the office buildings. After we climbed a few flights of stairs we were confronted by a big glass door engraved with—"Le Rose and Rohan, Divorce Lawyers. We can make you happy at a low cost." We entered the waiting room, and to our or my amazement there were at least fifty others in waiting. We sent in our cards and were immediately ushered in. "Carp" looked as though he was going to have a tooth pulled out. We got a great reception. I tell you they are just as good looking as ever.

Urhig in tears told his story. He and Rose hadn't been getting along very well. I interrupted with "Who's Rose anyway?" 'Don't you remember The Rose of our old class. They've been married for two years.' I congratulated "Carp," although I knew it was out of place. He continued telling how he was receiving abusive treatment, milk and crackers twice a day, and only out one night a week, besides the meetings of the Neighborhood Sewing Club and several other feline organizations that were held at his domicile. The two lawyers seemed very well satisfied with the evidence and assured the plaintiff that they would do all in their power to give him sweet liberty. Then for my especial benefit the Doctors of Law told me a great deal of news. Jim Harte was mayor of Pittsfield, elected on a no-graft platform and a promise to straighten Circular Avenue. It is rumored that Lester Martin had much to do in securing for Harte this honorable position. Martin, by the way, owns and edits the Eagle. The Eagle is now a staunch Democratic supporter (the world has improved in twenty years eh?). Martin had got his name in Who's Who and the Bridge Lunch has named a sandwich after him. "Pat" Leahy and Mabel Poole are man and wife. Ever since "Pat" parted his hair in the middle, way back in '22, Romance has dogged his paths. Mrs. Leahy says her husband is a famous Civil Engineer, but the truth is Mr. Leahy is digging a ditch between Dalton and Hinsdale for the Gas Company. "Jimmy" Morrissey is a great travelling salesman. He says he owes his success to regular doses of Magic Yeast. "Bill" Leonard and Earl Stetson, our great athletes have graduated from Harvard. While at the University, they were the ones to whom the defeat of Yale and Princeton by high scores, was due. Both are now successful business men in Boston. Durant is a world famed Chemist. His greatest achievement was the proof that there are more calories in one plate of corned beef than in three plates of native tripe. Marion O'Malley, whose first success was in "The Taming of the Shrew" is now the leading lady in Ziegfeld's Follies. Her musical comedies have been dazzling Broadway for the past year. Archie Morin, a Multimillionaire is said to have occupied the same seat in



PRO MERITO PUPILS

CHARLES GERMANO
HELEN ROHAN

ANNE CHEYNE
CARL UHRIG

JESSIE DEVOE

WINTHROP COLTON
LORRAINE KROGMAN

the orchestra for the entire run of the show. Archie knows good acting when he sees it, say we. Ella Buckler and Annie Cheyne have started a boarding house on South Street. Their joint cooking is so good that they have sent the restaurants to bankruptcy. Helen Vogel and Anna Lynch are noted photographers, having taken over a controlling interest in the Arax photo studio. Every year they take a group photo at the Freshman Banquet. The Arax has become famous as a place where certain members of the Senior Class of the P. H. S. skip periods to go and have their pictures taken. Edna May and Dorothy Zeigler have gone into the movies, which is the path taken by all famous beauties. Colton and L. Krogman are joint rulers of Lenox, although Lorraine was the people's choice. Colton gained part honors by a diplomatic ruse known as matrimony. The Misses Devoe and Melnik are running a hair dressing parlor at the site of the old Arcade Cigar Store. Ed Ostegee our famous blue-eyed siren has as was expected taken complete control of the North Union Drug. His beautiful profile has greatly increased his business. Every Saturday night it is habitual with the clerks from England's and neighboring department stores to spend lavishly of their hard earned salaries for the sodas he dispenses, just for the privilege of looking at him. Ed Clark is still working at the Albany Cash. Ed has circulated the report that he is going to ask the "boss" who is Fred Moritz, for a raise—next year. Alex Milne is a famous politician. Alex has fooled the people for twelve years into keeping him in Congress. Here the young ladies who have told me all this news confidentially affirmed that he has a shining bald head. This may be the fashion in Congress but Alex is discreet enough to wear a wig while in his old home town. Alex has also become a great literary light. He made a brilliant address before the Bohemian Hypocrites Society, and the speech had such literary merit that it was formally adopted as a standard text book for the third grade pupils in Russia.

Here I recovered consciousness and found the remains of the weed which had given me such a wonderful imagination, on the floor beside me. Oh, but my head all that night and the greater part of the next morning. I had my cranium surrounded with a thick layer of Melville ice and when I recovered sufficiently to be able to think, I could hardly believe it was still nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

J. T. Waldron.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of February, 1922

To whom these presents concern, Greetings.

By the grace of God and the Laws and statutes of the United States and of the State of Massachusetts, We the Class of February, 1922, being of sound mind and in the possession of all our faculties, (Yes, we are) of that great and glorious Factory of Genius, Pittsfield High School, do, on this first day of February Anno Domini 1922, give and bequeath in this, our last will and testament, the following:

Item: To our heirs, successors, and assigns, the future generations, one of the best principals and the best staff of teachers in the United States.

Item: To Miss Pfeiffer, Dramatic Coach Extraordinary, our best and sincerest wishes that all her future plays will be as successful as "The Taming of the Shrew."

Item: To Mrs. Bennett, Professor, Past Master and Expounder of the intricacies of United States History and Civics our sincerest regrets that she shall no longer expound and propound to such sharks (?) as Edna May, Alex Milne, Abe Chesney and others too numerous to mention; also, for the loss of her far famed menagerie, our condolences.

Item: To Miss Waite and Mr. Goodwin, Keepers of the Peace and Silencers of all orations and conversations in Room 16, our sincerest joy that such active young ladies as Anna Lynch, Helen Vogel, Helen Rohan and "Angie" Le Rose are removed from their jurisdiction, also our regrets that such "peaceful" and quiet students as Alex Milne, J. Waldron, "Wimp" Colton and Pat Leahy are removed from their jurisdiction.

Item: To Miss Morris, Professor of English. Regrets that we shall no longer be recipients of your "Dear Boys" or "Where is your self-control?" or "Layhee Keep Quiet" or "All right Chesney another zero."

Item: To Henry Lucy, Professor of Algebra and Past and Present Master in the art of Explaining Infinity, Fourth Dimension, Einstein's Theories, our regrets that we shall no longer be subject to these outbursts.

Item: To one Chas. B. Sylvester Prof. of Solid and Trig., the Roaming Voice, we extend our regrets that we must admonish our heirs, successors and assigns et cetera, that they must leave you strictly alone.

C. B. (These Geometric Figures are beautiful, are they not?)"
Donnelly ("Yes, they are not.")

To Wm. J. Hayes, Prof. of English as set forth by Wooley and the Congressional Record, and Mentor of the "Pen." We extend our sympathy and regret that we shall no longer be the subjects and butts of your jokes.

Item: To A. J. Keaney, Prof. of Physics and the Gent that is always springing something like this; "Now this is entirely aside from Physics and Electricity but I remember the time I was in the Strong Bros. Onion Plant at Kalamazoo, Michigan, where etc., etc.," we extend our sincerest regrets that we shall no longer be present on those memorable occasions when you strain and sometimes crack the well-known shovel by your orations to, from and at random.

It may be so,
We do not know,
But it sounds so queer,
That it won't spread here.

Item: To Prof. Leonard Ch. E. and Ch. B. H. etcetera, and so to speak artist, we leave our regrets that we are so unintelligent that we do not see the point in any of your "jokes."

When Your Education Is Finished

This is a graduation number of the Pen and this month spells the end of High school days for a number of pupils.

Many of them may go on with their education, for others this will mark the beginning of a business life.

Whether you will go out into the world to make your way this month or in years to come, you will realize when you make the start that MONEY will be of much assistance to you.

Money means a help that will tide you over until you can earn more, it will be a stepping stone which will allow you to secure the position for which you are fitted by education.

This being the case, we cannot urge you too strongly to save and save consistently. Open a savings account, make a deposit EVERY week no matter how small that amount may be, AND LET THAT MONEY EARN SOMETHING FOR YOU UNTIL YOU ARE READY TO EARN SOME FOR YOURSELF.



City Savings Bank of Pittsfield

North Street at Fenn Street

Morningside Branch
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch
Union Block

Individual "Bequeaths"

John T. Waldron does hereby bequeath to Mr. Goodwin, his heirs, successors, and assigns at al, one can of H. B.

The above stated H. B. is not Home Brew but one of Heinze's Famous Fifty-seven—Heinze's Beans.

Earl Stetson hates to do it but he is going to leave that cute little Senior B. to the none too tender mercies of the rest of the students. (He's leaving his heart with her, too.)

Alex. Milne does hereby give, bequeath, present or donate to any person who wishes it the position of "goat" in Alg. 2 and that of being the butt of Mr. Lucey's jokes? and orations on smoking, infinity, fourth dimension, algebra and lack of algebra.

Ed Osytee leaves this advice.

To be beautiful boys: Work in a drug store, eat, sleep, be merry, use the bosses' beauty powders, lotions and oils, and keep away from wine, women and song.

Frank Correalle donates this:

Doughnuts made me what I am today, And Yet I'm satisfied.

E. P. leaves the following advice:

Always be good to your Foote.

Martin bequeaths this to budding chauffeurs:

Constant puncture is necessary to become proficient... Take a week off and practice occasionally.

On Your Way to School

Give us your order and we'll have it ready for you when you are returning home. If, however, it is something which should be at your home before you return, just let us know and we'll deliver at once for it is our pleasure to be of service to all.

Even though your package is delivered, you will find this a delightful place to stop after school hours, you will find many of your friends at our fountain where only the choicest hot and cold drinks are served.

Try The Wendell Pharmacy once and you'll understand why so many of your friends come here everytime.

Page and
Shaw
Cynthia
Huyler's
and
other
fine
Confectionery

John M. Savin
WENDELL
PHARMACY
10 SOUTH STREET

Harte says: I acted natural. I was so scared I had to stutter and my knees knocked naturally. (He deserves much praise just the same.)

Shark Uhrig says: "Don't play pool, it hinders studying."

Joe Wilbur bequeaths this knowledge

Gambling is a form of curiosity

Curiosity killed the cat

A cat has nine lives

Don't be a gambler.

Bill Leonard donates these words.

To be big and husky like me:—Eat grape nuts and drink postum for breakfast; Scot's Emulsion, Pillsbury's Health Bran and Cliquot Club Ginger Ale for dinner; tomato Canape and water for supper.

Miss Rohan says to avoid being class treasurer. Don't do it. It's an obnoxious job. All the boys beat it, when they see the class tax collector coming.

Edna May donates this: Girls, don't marry, be a thinker and study extensively. Don't go out nights and retire early.

M. O'Malley donates these words of wisdom:

It pays to have a drag in Room 9. Don't be afraid to heave it once in a while.

Miss Le Rose bequeaths this: My neck is not like a typewriter. It is under a good head and not a wooden one.

Signed this first day of Feb., 1922,

Per. John P. Leahy.

The Class of February, 1922.

Remember--

**We are Headquarters in
All Kinds of Footwear**

Largest Retailers in the World Four Large Factories

Over 100 Stores---Still Growing

MEN'S---WOMEN'S---CHILDREN'S

G. R. Kinney Co., Inc.

Phone 1974-W 340-342 NORTH ST.

CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1922

ELLA BUCKLER

"I will be the pattern of all patience."

Ella is one of the quietest members of the class but always cheerful and patient. Coming from such a long distance to attend school, she probably realizes more than the rest of us just how good the old place is—Hence the pensive mood. May all success be hers.



ANNIE CHEYNE

"Just a wee bit Scotch."

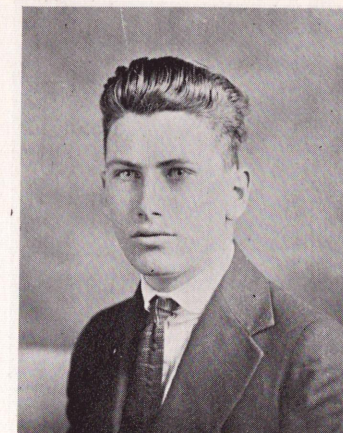
Because of her uncanny ability to pick a joke out of a perfectly serious discourse and laugh at it, "Little Annie" well deserves the title of "Class Giggler." But do not think that giggling is Annie's only accomplishment—Nay, nay, she is a business-like girl, first, last and always. A prosperous life to you Annie.

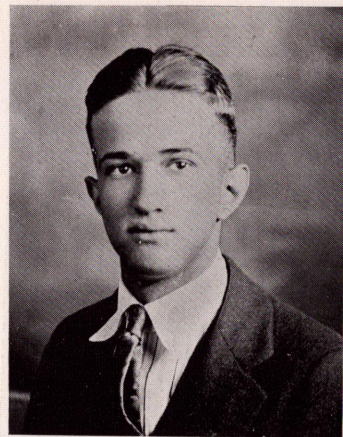


"ED" CLARK

"The Kid of the Class"

Eddie's never content until he's making a class laugh at his antics. His greatest indoor sport is throwing chalk, etc. and pinning "Kick me" signs on the backs of innocent "frosh."





WINTHROP DAVID COLTON

"In his Hudson he was Supreme."

A good hearted sort of lad with a love for books and———?———. We've been proud to have him for a classmate.

FRANK CORREALE

"That beautiful Hair—Long May It Wave."

Frankie's rise in the world will keep pace with the amount of yeast that he uses in his bread. He's sure to make a lot of dough: and he is such a good mixer he'll probably knead it.



JESSIE DE VOE

"Quiet and dignified yet a lover of books and fun."

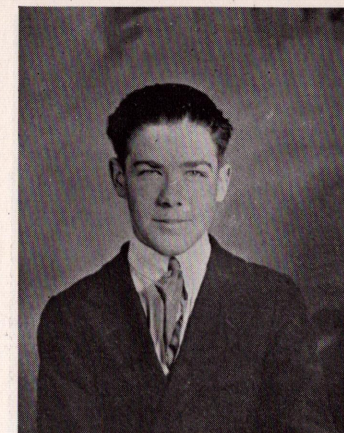
Another of our pro-merito students with a way of thinking for herself that is sure to mean a great deal to Jessie in future years. We all like her and regret to lose so good a friend—not her friendship but her companionship.



"JOE" DONNELLY

"Our Cutest Boy."

With a face full of good nature he laughs the whole day long. Joe is a great fellow for having his fun. He has one fault that we know of, and that is—"He's terrible fond of girls."



"ROSE FALLON"

"Our Prima Donna."

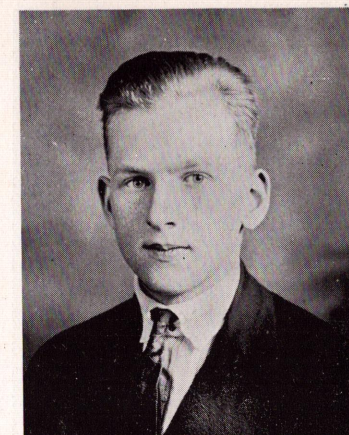
A very attractive looking girl, with a ready smile, a witty tongue and a complexion the same as her "nomme premiere."—A classmate, "a la mode" say we.

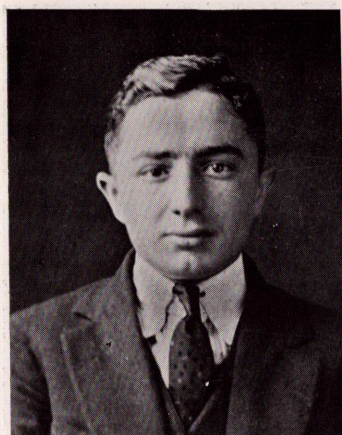


ENSIGN P. FOOTE

"The Ford is My Auto, I Shall not Want."

When it comes to pulling the curtains for the Senior Plays, Johnnie is right there. He's jolly good company and among the best of sports. Here's luck to you, old boy, may you always have enough money to buy "gas."





CHARLES GERMANO
"Still Water Runs Deep."

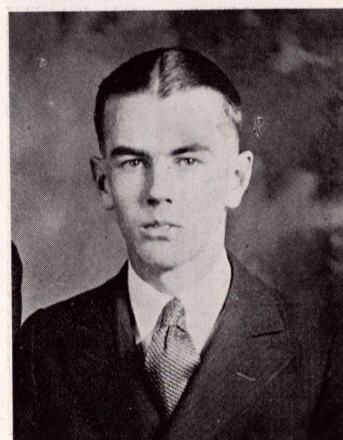
A noble type of Latin race,
 Small of stature, striking of face.

Charley is one of our seven pro-merito students. It took him four years of tough grinding to acquire this honor. Still he always had time to take a lot of interest in all class affairs.

JAMES HARTE

"As a tailor Jim would make a good music master"

His ability to take on a project at the last moment and go through with it, with flying colors was amply demonstrated when Jim took part in the play. He's always a good fellow to have around.



LORRAINE KROGMAN
"Let Me speak a little."

Although Lorraine has been busily engaged in vamping the fellows of the class, she has found ample time to study hard enough to be a pro-merito student. As a good sport, a wonderful talker and a cheerful dispositioned person, Lorraine is one of the most popular girls in the class.



JOHN P. LEAHY

"Naturally funny, with the wit of old Ireland ever ready on his tongue."

Full of ambition, energy, and good nature, "Pat" is sure to raise a terrible row someplace.



WILLIAM LEONARD
"Signals! 1922—Let's Go."

Billy is some little athlete especially when he's playing quarterback for P. H. S. An earnest worker and a good sport; Billy is liked by every member of the class. Football '21.



ANGELINA M. LE ROSE

"If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep."

Beyond a doubt the class of '22's cutest girl. Not only cute, but a "regular fellow"—a very good student, and a very agreeable and energetic classmate. She's rather given to dreaming—we know—but *that* can be forgiven in Angelina.





ANNA LYNCH

"Smile a While"

Anna is one of the quietest members of the class. Always willing to help and with a nature of the gentlest kind, she has carefully existed through our high school life.

LESTER S. MARTIN

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Surely this does not apply to "Les." A more conscientious worker, considerate friend and all-round agreeable classmate will be hard to find.



EDNA MAY

"There's mischief in her every move."

A girl more full of fun, good humor and good-natured mischief would be very hard to find. Edna is a real sport, yet, underneath her light hearted exterior there is a true blue seriousness which is yet to be brought out. We're sorry to lose you for a classmate, Edna.

FREDA MELNIK

"As a poetess, she failed to succeed."

But in a great many other things Freda has been very successful. She is liked by everyone in the class for her cheerful disposition, agreeableness and willingness to help. A good life-long companion for some lucky fellow, we would say.



ALEXANDER W. MILNE

"A Class Government, of the Students, for the Students and by the Students"

This policy has been the key-note of the rule of Alexander (The Great) Milne, for two years our class president. Fore-most in every class activity and bubbling over with pep and enthusiasm, "Alex" is the most popular fellow in the class.

In token of his services, we, the class of Feb. '22, extend our thanks and our life-long friendship, to Alex. W. Milne.



JAMES MORRISSEY

"Who dares to ruffle my hair, ruffles my temper."

"Jim" is seriously thinking of becoming an "arrow collar Add" man; he has been quite busy during the last year with managing the football team, taking part in the "Senior Play" and kidding the general public. What we want to know is—What kind of hair slicker do you use, "Jim?"

Football Manager '21.





MARIAN O'MALLEY

"No use puttin' up your umbrella 'till it rains."

Marian is one of the jolliest girls in the class. A friend to all and a helper to everyone. She will always be remembered by the class as our premiere actress and for that "sunny, sentimental nature of hers."

EDWIN OSTEYEE

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

This seems to be Ed's motto, for a more cheerful, jolly fellow would be hard to find. With a wonderful personality, pleasant features and his great sense of humor, Ed is one of the best liked fellows in the class. We all wish him the best of luck and lots of it.



MABEL POOLE

"Speak ye of nothing but men?"

Mabel is none too partial towards the stronger sex—why?—we don't know. Now, Mabel, have a heart and think of the fellows once in a while. But even though your attitude doesn't change, we're all pulling for you and we predict a great future for you in business life.



HELEN ROHAN

"I must entreat of you some money."

If it wasn't for Helen, with her never-failing ambition for boosting up class affairs and the treasury, our class just wouldn't—She well deserves, as class treasurer, valedictorian and cleverest girl, the pride that we all take in having her as a classmate. May her cheerful good-nature and wonderful personality never change in years to come.

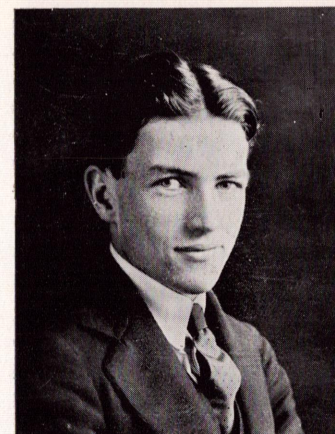


EARL STETSON

"'22's contribution to Athletics."

A clean athlete, a good sportsman, nice looking, and above all, a gentleman. Watch your step girls.

Basketball '20, '21, and '22; Football '21.



CARL UHRIG

"Verily! A Shark in every course he pursues!"

Gifted? Yes! but Carlos (or Shark) knows how to use those gifts as "The Cleverest Boy."

We predict a great future for him.





HELEN VOGEL

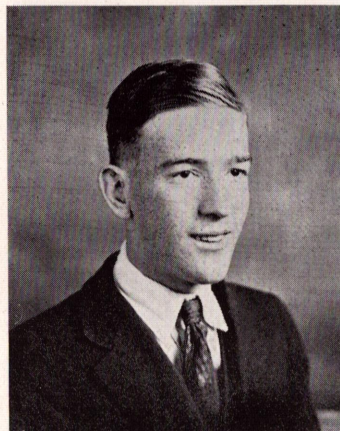
"Quiet and Ladylike at all times."

Helen was never too quiet however to laugh at a good joke or to take part in the class activities. In the Senior play Helen looked and acted her part to perfection. Popular? Yes and we wish her all the luck in the world.

JOHN WALDRON

"'22's fun maker."

I ain't so darn good looking
But I've got a lot of gaff,
And my aim and my ambition is
To make the others laugh.



FRANCIS WILBUR

"On the stage he was natural, it was only when he was off the stage that he was acting."

Joe exceeded even the greatest expectations in playing the role of Petruchio in the play. Besides being an actor, Joe is an athlete, a good clean sport and a cheerful, carefree sort of chap.

Football '21.



DOROTHY ZEIGLER

"'22's Prettiest Girl."

Dorothy is one of those quiet sort of girls who never speaks unless spoken to, but—Get her going and she's a great sport. Dot only joined us last year, and we're still wondering how we ever got along without her. As a student and a good sport, (a wonderful combination) she can hold her own with the best.

Long may her beauty reign.



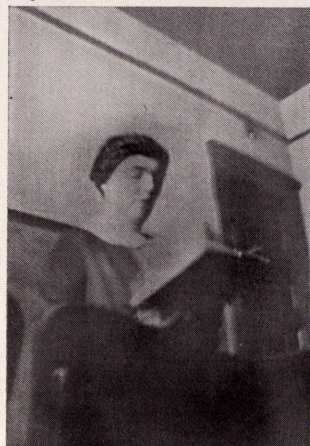
MARJORIE G. DAY

CLASS ADVISER

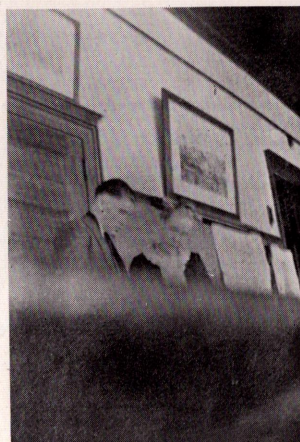
Since the organization of the class, Miss Day has been our very helpful adviser; and it is to her that we owe much of our success.

She has been a true friend to everyone in the class, always willing to lend a hand in studies or in class affairs. She is esteemed by everyone of us.

Marjorie G. Day



MISS KENNEDY
IN CLASS



MRS. BENNETT
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WHEN John Paton started the tedious digging of a well on the Hebrides Islands, the unlearned natives ridiculed him, saying that water fell from the sky and came not from the earth. But he continued to dig that their lives might be sustained through long periods of drought. Water came! It had flowed beneath their feet those many years and they knew it not.

When old Doctor Still, more than half a century ago, toiled faithfully in the face of ridicule to unearth the truths of Osteopathy, many contended that the sources of health were not *within* the body. But Doctor Still labored on to discover the relation of the body's mechanism to health and normal life. He found wondrous truths! The fundamental principles of Osteopathy had existed always but mankind knew them not. Doctor Still brought them to light and instructed men in the application.

It was not long after the "Old Doctor" started demonstrating his system that those who witnessed believed. Then his character and his ideas were vindicated.

With a heart full of charity, and a beautiful reverence for God and the handiwork He had created in His image, the Doctor was such a man as you would learn to love.

So, finally, the people who came in contact with him and his work, judged him for what his memory now stands—an industrious intellectual giant, whose extraordinary mental and physical vigor translated the human body into an understandable mechanism.

Thus out of the trying years of a staunch old physician's endeavors, was born the science of Osteopathy—a system of healing expressing itself through bringing about and maintaining *normal relation* of all bodily parts. A perfect machine will work perfectly in performance of tasks it is intended to perform. The Osteopathic Physician seeks to bring to perfection the mechanism of the human body, thus producing completely healthful life.

Osteopathy is the science of healing by adjustment of the body, more specifically of the spinal column.

The Osteopathic Physician is trained through four separate school years of nine months each, in all branches necessary for correct diagnosis and processes fundamental to healing.

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An interesting booklet will be forwarded to those who care to know more about Osteopathy. Address the Bureau at 1103 F. & M. Bank Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas

OR SEE DR. G. W. BARRETT, Local Representative, HOWARD BUILDING



The Spectator of Waterloo, Iowa has some unusually good cuts and interesting school notes.

The Dial of Brattleboro, Vt. devotes the back cover to a statement of the advantages offered by their school. Good idea.

The Magpie of Waterbury, Conn. is as good as any exchange on our list.

The Shucis of Schenectady, N. Y. had in a recent number one of the best stories we have ever read. The name of it was "The Arabian Knights."

The Review of Lowell, Mass. is mostly jokes and school notes. A little more variety would improve it.

The Tatler of El Paso, Texas has put out a number on the history of their city. It is extremely interesting.

The Taconic of Williamstown, Mass. might use a bit more humor.

The Creighton of Omaha, Neb. would also be improved by a few more jokes.

The High School Citizen of Dunkirk, N. Y. has some very good English essays, but a little fiction would improve the paper.

The High School News of Northwood, Iowa seems to be the town newspaper as well as the school paper.

The Blue and Gold of Malden, Mass. runs a "Famous People I Have Known" column. It is well written and interesting.

The Cumtux of Alexandria, La. is a new paper to us. It has a good Civil War story.

The Criterion of Bridgeport, Conn. publishes a literary supplement with forty pages of good stories. We wonder if it would not be better to put some of this literature into the regular monthly Criterion.

The Cardinal Notes of Brooklyn, N. Y. has a Spanish department that is muy buen. Or is it muy bueno?

The Link of Webster City, Iowa is popular with the girls here because it devotes some space to fancy work.

As Others See Us

"Your jokes are, as usual, first class, and your literary department is good. Why not have a few poems?"—The Lancastonian.

"The State of Massachusetts contributes an A1 paper called The Student's Pen, from Pittsfield. An unusually good literary department. Don't you think that the school activities are a little neglected?"—The Spectator.

We acknowledge the following exchanges, with thanks.

Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.
 Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.
 Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.
 Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.
 Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.
 Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.
 Vermillionaire, Vermillion, S. D.
 High School Citizen, Dunkirk, N. Y.
 Criterion, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Creighton Courier, Omaha, Neb.
 Philomath, Framingham, Mass.
 Lancastonian, Lancaster, N. H.
 Register, Burlington, Vt.
 Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.
 N. H. S. News, Northwood, Iowa.
 Pointer, High Point, N. C.
 Newtonia, Newtonia, Iowa.
 Oracle, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Orange and Black, Grinnell, Iowa.
 Catamount, Bennington, Vt.
 Kent Quarterly, Kent, Conn.
 Scarlet Tanager, Chatham, N. Y.
 S. H. S. Echoes, Springfield, Vt.
 Cardinal Notes, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Periscope, Great Barrington, Mass.
 Lowell, San Francisco, Calif.
 Cardinal and Gray, Brandon, Vt.
 Central Outlook, St. Joseph, Miss.

Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.

Ppsi Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Yiper, New York, N. Y.
 Oracle, Manchester, N. H.
 Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.
 Acorn, Roanoke, Va.
 Oracle, Bangor, Me.
 Magpie, Waterbury, Conn.
 Top O'The Hill, Gorin, Mo.
 Q. Quincy, Ill.
 Spectator, Waterloo, Iowa.
 Link, Webster City, Iowa.
 Lever, Sknowbegan, Me.
 Vacuum, Fairfield Iowa.
 Herald, Holyoke, Mass.
 Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.
 Observer, Ansonia, Conn.
 Review, Lowell, Mass.
 Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.
 Roman, Rome, Ga.
 Opinion, Peoria, Ill.
 Courant, Bradford, Penn.
 Tatler, El Paso, Texas.
 Headlight, Dupo, Ill.
 Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Mirror, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Argus, Gardner, Mass.
 Cumtux, Alexandria, La.
 Review, Shomakin, Pa.

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 The School Gets All the Fame,
 The Printer gets All the Money,
 And the Staff gets All the Blame.

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Dr. Joseph Farrell
Drs. W. J. and L. J. O'Hearn
Dr. D. J. Killeen



Class Statistics

Prettiest Girl,	Dorothy Zeigler	Best Girl Dancer,	Marion O'Malley
Handsomest Boy,	Edwin Osteyee	Best Boy Dancer,	Archie Morin
Most Popular Girl,	Helen Rohan	Best Girl's Complexion,	
Most Popular Boy,	Alexander Milne		Dorothy Zeigler
Teacher's Pet,	Winthrop Colton	Class Wit,	John Waldron
Cleverest Girl,	Helen Rohan	Class Vamp,	Lorraine Krogman
Cleverest Boy,	Carl Uhrig	Class Sport,	Alex. Milne
Cutest Girl,	Angelina Le Rose	Prima Donna,	Rose Fallon
Cutest Boy,	Joseph Donnelly,	Class Giggler,	Annie Cheyne

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Drury 15—Pittsfield 14

Pittsfield High lost to Drury, 15 to 14 at North Adams, Friday, Jan. 20. Although Drury led during most of the game, our boys were always pressing their opponents for the lead. Capt. Weltman sank a double counter that put Pittsfield only one point behind with ten seconds to go. Levine and Patashnick did the best work for the winners, while the team worked together and tried hard to be on top at the end of the close guarding game.

The line up:—

Drury	FG	FP	TP	Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP
Patashnick, lf,	0	9	9	Dannibuski, lf,	1	0	2
Phelps, rf,	0	0	0	Farrell, rf,	2	0	4
Kelly, rf,	0	0	0	O'Brien, c,	0	6	6
Toolan, c,	0	0	0	Bridges, rg,	0	0	0
Rosch, lg,	0	0	0	Stetson, rg,	0	0	0
Levine, rg,	3	0	6	Weltman, rg,	1	0	2
Total,	3	9	15	Total,	4	6	14
Referee, Finn.							
Time, twenty minute halves.							

Earl Stetson one of the four letter men of the class of February '22, earned his first letter playing varsity football that season. He played halfback and end on the team and filled both positions well. His second letter he earned playing the guard position, on the basketball team. He is considered the best athlete of the class.

James Morrissey earned his letter as manager of the football team.

Bill Leonard came out for football the first day of practice, but his hopes for making the team were not very high, as he only weighed about 115 lbs. Coach Carmody after trying out several quarterbacks, was forced to look around for some fellow who had a head on him. Bill Leonard was chosen and filled the position up to the highest expectations of his ardent admirers. In throwing the forward pass and in drop-kicking he was unexcelled.

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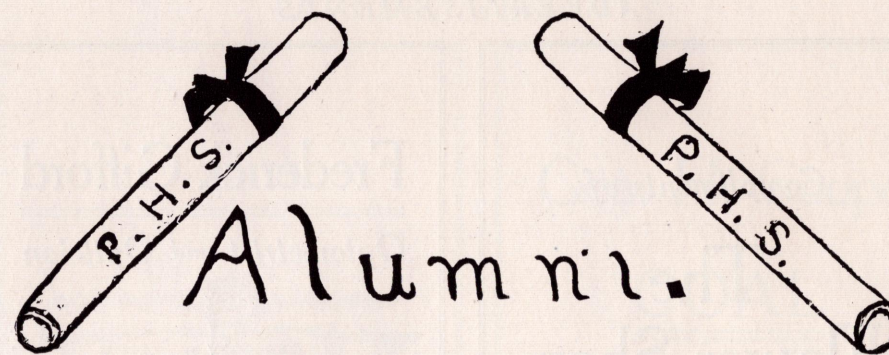
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The Class of June '21 went on a sleighride to Hinsdale on the night of December 30th, 1921. The twenty couples who went left the Park at 7.30, and arrived at their destination about 10.30, after a slight accident, due to the fact that our two champion heavy-weights, Messrs. Kittredge and Wheeler, were in the same sleigh. Dancing and music were enjoyed until 12.00, when a "feed," consisting of frankfurts, beans, rolls and coffee was served under the expert supervision of Mr. Knight, of the Faculty. The party adjourned about 1.00 A. M., and arrived in the city at 3.00. The Class wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Knight for his kind assistance as chaperone.

Westly Sunderland, '20, is attending the University of Minnesota.

Stanley Clarke, '21, has transferred from Suffield Prep to Syracuse.

Larry Weltman, an old P. H. S. athlete, is playing a great game at forward for Syracuse U.

Virginia Blood, '20, is attending the Beechwood School in Pennsylvania.

Marion Mattoon, '21, and Caroline Jones are attending the Berkshire Business College.

Naomi Marcott is going to the North Adams Normal School.

Gladys Olsted, '21, is teaching in the Holmes Road School the first and second grades.

Elizabeth Yeadon.

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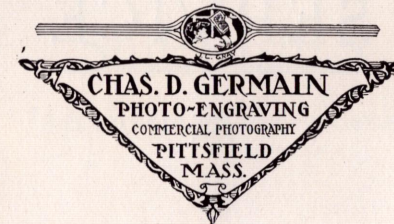
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Rilla of Ingleside

"Rilla of Ingleside," by L. M. Montgomery is another story by the author of "Anne of Green Gables." The heroine, Rilla, is Anne's daughter, a merry, lovable girl, whose adventures are well worth reading. In a way, it is a war story, for it deals with Rilla's activities, emotions, and heroisms during the terrible days from 1914 to 1918. In the story there is a great deal about Jim, Walter the Poet, Shirely "the little brown boy," of Nan and Di, Faith and Una to hold one's attention and interest. Rilla's struggles with her war baby are most amusing and to offset them the pathos in the scene telling of Walter's death is heartbreaking. The women's trials and struggles for composure during the dark days of 1915 and 1916 are most vividly portrayed as is the joy over the news of the Armistice. And Dog Monday, was there ever such a dog? A good story it is, interesting, true to life, all through.

E. Huthsteiner.

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Martin Conisby's Vengeance

Have you read "Black Bartlemy's Treasure" by Jeffry Farnol? Yes? Weren't you disappointed when Lady Joan and the treasure sailed away leaving Martin alone on the island? Then read "Martin Conisby's Vengeance" and find out how Martin found Joan again, how Martin was revenged on Sir Richard. You didn't read the "Treasure" story? How much you have missed. Don't cry over a story missed but begin now and read how Martin at last had his revenge. Read of Josanna, La Culebra, Captain Jo, she with the mind and soul of a man hampered in a woman's body; of Fra Alexo and the Spanish Inquisition; and, at last, of Demaris and England.

Don't however read the story in bed, as I did, or you'll never get to sleep. Sleep, did I say, while thinking of the pirate ships or Joanna and her Glorious, self-sacrificing death? But it is a good story even though it is so weird, so full of fights, of murder and sudden death.

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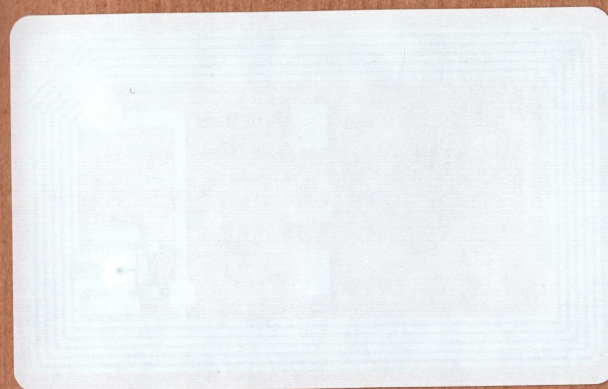


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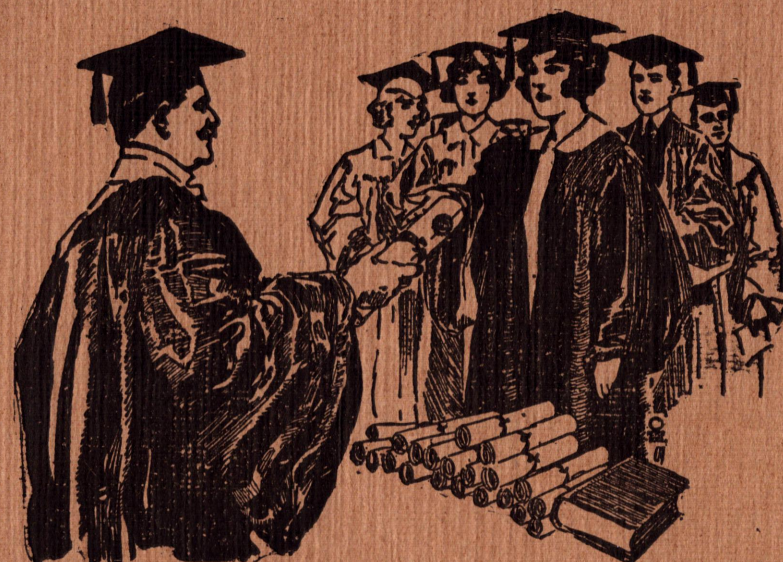


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